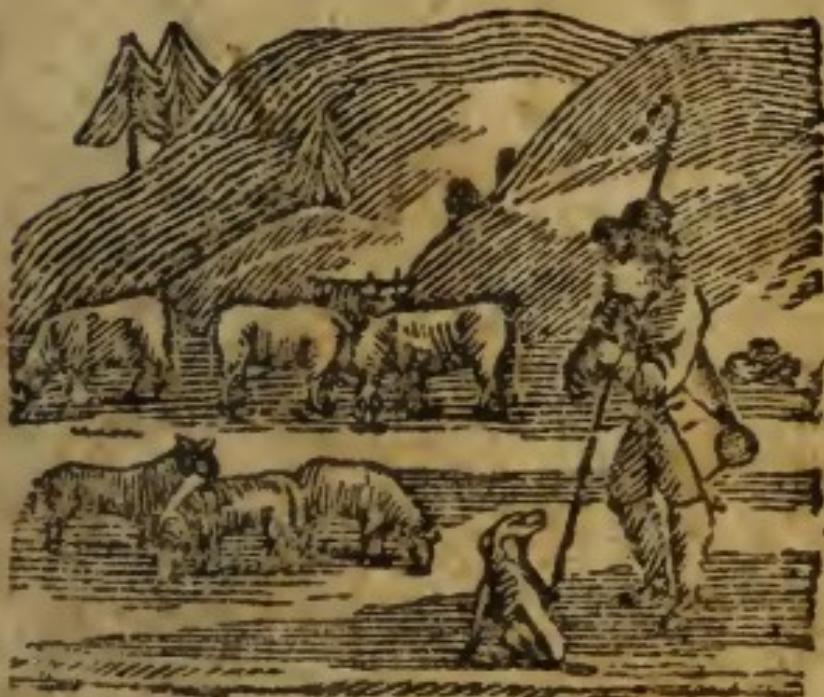


THE
Infant's Friend.

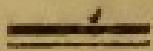


J. Metcalf....Printer.

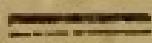
WENDELL, MASS.

1825.

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THE

Infant's Friend.

HOW could you think, my dear little girl, that I would permit our cat to keep all that brood of six kittens, she had the other day ? Why, my dear, by the time they grew to their full size, they would take almost as much to feed them as you. No, my love, they all must be drowned, except one, and you shall choose the one you like best. One or two

cats are as many as are wanted in a house ; and though it is very pretty, and may amuse you, to see the kittens play, yet I cannot agree to the taking up too much of your time in playing with them. The footman must, therefore, put all out of the way, but the handsome tabby you have chosen, and puss shall bring it up, and instruct it in all the branches of knowledge fit for a cat to attain ; such as the proper way of watching for, and catching rats and mice. And, if you like to try if you can



teach it to read, at your leisure hours, when you are teaching your doll, you may so amuse yourself; or you may do what I believe will suit little Miss Pussy much better, for you may play with her, and run about the room, or garden, with her, when she will run and jump after

you, and like the frolic quite as well as yourself. You must take care, when you are playing with a cat or kitten, not to snatch your hand away from them in too great a hurry ; for, if you do, they will scratch your fingers, without meaning any harm, as their talons are very sharp, and tear the skin, if you do not play very gently with them.

Look at that handsome pony ; what a fine mane and tail ! It seems as if he was just ready for some little boy



to take a ride. And I dare say the little boy feels very much pleased at having such a pretty horse to ride upon ; and no doubt he is a good boy, or his papa would not have bought him such a fine fellow to call his own.

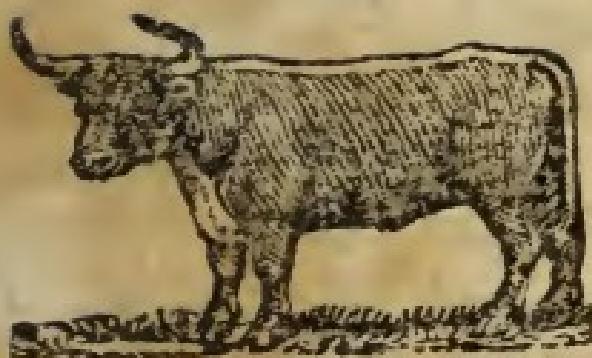
Are ponies fond of children, mamma ?

Yes, when they are good to them. Ponies, and all kinds of horses, are grateful to those who use them well.

I should like very much to go and stroke that pony, he looks so kind.

He does indeed, my dear, appear very gentle ; and I dare say you might pat him with safety : but children should always be careful not to touch a strange horse, for fear he should kick them.

An ox is not so fit to ride upon as a horse, but he is very strong, and can carry a



great weight. The ox works for us while he lives, and is of great use after he is killed; for his flesh is beef; candles are made from his fat; boots and shoes are made from his hide; my great comb is made from his horns, so also is the box into which your aunt puts the sugar plums she so often treats you with:

Horn can be made so clear and so thin that the light can shine through. It is sometimes used instead of glass for lanthorns.

The other day, my dear Laura, you asked me to tell you about the pretty lambs you saw frisking in the fields. They looked so quiet and harmless, you wanted me to get you one to play with at home. But, my dear child, that would not be a kindness to the poor creature, for it would grieve you to have it killed, when it grew too big.



to be in the house ; for little lambs, when they grow up, will be great sheep, and sheep the butchers kill for us to eat, and, when dead, it is called mutton, which is a meat you are very fond of, and love dearly, when nicely boiled or roasted. It will seem cruel to you, that such pretty creatures as the sheep

and lambs are, should be killed for man's use, yet the great and good God designed them for his food.

The wool of the sheep is carded, spun, and wove into broadcloths, blankets, flannels, and a great many things, to clothe and keep the human race warm; who must allow the poor sheep to be one of the most useful of the four-footed tribe.

Sheep are, once in each year, shorn of their wool, by which practice, the owner of a large flock of sheep makes a great deal of money.



“What shall I do,” said a very little dog one day to his mother, “to show my gratitude to our good master? I cannot draw, or carry burdens for him like the horse; nor give him milk like the cow; nor lend him my covering for clothing, like the sheep; nor produce eggs like

the poultry ; nor catch mice and rats as well as the cat. I don't see that I can do a single thing to entitle me to my master's regard." So saying, the poor little dog hung down his head.

" My dear child," replied his mother, " though your abilities are but small, your good will entitles you to regard. Show your master that you love him, and you will not fail to please him."

The little dog was comforted, and the next time he saw his master, ran to him, wagging his tail, and looking

at him in the most affectionate manner. The master observed him, and stooped down to pat his head. Poor Fido was ready to go out of his wits for joy.

Fido now tried to make himself useful by a number of little services. He would run and bark with the utmost fury at the strange pigs, and



other animals which offered to come into the yard. He also kept the poultry from doing mischief in the garden. If his master pulled off his coat in the field to help the workmen, Fido always sat by it, and would not suffer either man or beast to touch it; for this faithful care of his master's property, he was esteemed very much.

